

You

After long searching I found you, and the mind became quiescent. Relishing with a blank slate the abstractions on the air, and in the trees. Seeing you in all no one cares too much, or with little or no regard, for you are the undeniably infinite and graceful; constant acceleration, which may resemble lightspeed. Hyperspace, like streaming stars is the river of you that I may never see; yet with I so plain as to be unable to resist you there is a potential. If one resists say for example 'gravity' there is only a vague awareness of the laws you possess. In knowing you there is nought to be found, yet the search goes on, with pillows of purity and nectarean nuptials of neverbefore. The truth of creation lies in never having known you.

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